HIS is Mercury's month on the stage as evening star. The little planet comes out from behind the sun today. However, there is no use in looking for it until the latter part of the month, when it will be well out of the solar glare, glittering like a gem in the cold sunset sky.

The "Zepp's" Passenger

Modern Version of Cinderella Revealed When Hat Dropped From

whistled softly.

"By Jove, it's a German hat, all right!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't look a bad shape, either."

He tried it on. There was a little peal of laughter from the men. Philippa had ceased her knitting and was watching from the couch. Eir Henry looked at himself in the looking-glass.

looking-glass. "Well, that's funny," he observed. "I shouldn't have thought it would have been so much too small for me. Here, just try how you'd look in it, Mr. Lessingham," he added,

in it, Mr. Lessingham," he added, handing it scross to him. Lessingham accepted the situation quite coolly, and placed the hat carefully on his head.
"It doesn't feel particularly comfortable," he remarked.
"That may be," Sir Henry suggested, "because you have it on wrong side foremost. If you'd just turn it round. I believe you would

wrong side toremost. If you'd just turn it round, I believe you would find it a very good fit." Lessingham at once obeyed. Sir Henry regarded him with admira-

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Look at that, Philippa. Might have been Lessingham looked at himself in the glass and removed the hat from his head with some casual observation. He was entirely at his case. His host turned toward the door, which Mills was holding

"Captain Griffiths, sir." the lat-Sir Henry greeted his visitor

briefly.

"How are you, Griffiths?" he said. "Glad to see you. Excuse my costume, but I am just back from a fishing expedition. We are all admiring Mr. Lessingham in his magic hat."

Captain Griffith shook hands Captain Griffith shook hands with Philippa, nodded to the others, and turned toward Lessingham.

"Put it on again, there's a good fellow. Lessingham." Sir Henry begged. "Tou see, we have found a modern version of Cinderella's alipper. The hat which fell from the Zeppelin on to Dutchman's Common fits our friend like a glove. I never thought the Germans made such good hata, did you, Griffiths." such good hats, did you, Griffiths? "I always thought they imported their felt hats," Captain Griffiths

Weaning the **Baby**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

HE weaning of a baby should be superintended by the physician. If weight is not properly gained, or if there are digestive disorders, the physician must adjust the constituents of the baby's food so as to correct the trouble. It is exceedingly risky for others to attempt to balance properly the fats, salts, protein, starches, and sugar which enter into the composition of a child's food. Five faily feedings at four-hour in-Mervals should be given. Nothing is to are to be reduced to three as soon as expedient, first by omitting the second meal, and later the fourth meal, so that by the time the baby is two years old he will be having breakfast, a heavy meal in the middle of the day, and a light meal at

The appearance of the teeth means that something in addition to milk is needed by the child. The continuance of an all-liquid diet may spoil perfectly good teeth through lack of use, and general development suffer as well.

Broth is useful, provided it contains farinaceous food of some kind. Broth by itself is not advisable. The best vegetables to use during the second year are spinach, po-tatoes, carrots, and lettuce. Dried beans, peas, and lentils are val-The fruits which should b given are apples, cranges, and cooked bananas.

The water in which regetables

are boiled should itself be boiled down and added again to the verctables when they are strained, as this water contains valuable suits Dry toast, awieback, crackers, and graham wafers are all uneful additions to the diet.

After the second year egg. minced meat, cabbage, cauliflower, parentpe, turnipe, asparagus, bread and rolls may be given.

Fee Saved.

Dr. Abernethy, the well-known Scottish surgeon, was a mun of few words, but he once met his match -in a woman. She called at his house in Edinburgh and showed a hand badly inflames and opened and the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place "Burn" "Poultice." The next hand badly inflamed and swolle day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows "Ret-ter" "Worse." "More poultices." Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation curred. "Hetter" "Nothing," exclaimed the doctor, "Most sensible woman I ever met."

"Aisy Indade!"

A sewerman returned home one distressingly hot day thoroughly exhausted, to find his better-half also tired out after spending the greater part of the day at the At the time he entered however, she was sented, fanning herself vigorously. "Ain't ye got no supper?" he asked somewhat angrily. "Supper, is it?" she ask-"Go on wid you! Me all tired out from a hard day's wurruk in the hate, an' you come home an' ask for yer supper! Alsy indade for you all day down in a nice cool

Lessingham assented, taking it from his head and passing it on to the newcomer. "Notwithstanding the name inside. I should still believe that it was an English hat. It feels too comfortable for anything else." The commandant took the hat to

A German's Headgear.
"Here are the owner's initials."
he declared, "rather faint but still
distinguishable,-B. M. Hml There's no doubt about its being a German

"B. M." Sir Henry muttered, look-"B. M. "Sir Henry muttered, 1908-ing over his shoulder. "How very interesting! B. M." he repeated, turning to Philippa, who had re-commenced her knitting. "Is it my fancy, or is there something a little

ing the hat. Sir Henry was stand-

with knitted brows, in the obremember something.

"Your dinner is served, sir," Mills, who had made a silent entrance, announced.

new interest in life.
"Jove, im ravenoue!" he confessed. "You'll excuse me, won't you?
Mills, see that these gentlemen

The two young soldiers, with Captain Griffiths, followed Sir

Henry at once from the room. Lessingham, however, lingered He stood with his hands behind him, looking at the closed door.

ly. "Do you see ghosts through that

"Exactly what do you mean by that, Mr. Lessingham?" she demanded.

turned towards her.
"I must confess," he said, "the

zles me," P tle bitterly.

ately interested in deep-sea fish-Philipps shrugged her shoul-

rather a painful one with me. "I can quite understand that." Lessingham murmured sympatheti-

Griffiths," she asked, a little

Lessingham nodded thoughtfully, "I suppose that means that he is man who ought to be on my track," he observed.

"I shouldn't be in the least sur-prised to hear that he was." Phil-ipps said drily. "I have told you that he came and asked about the other sint, when he dired here. He seemed perfectly satisfied then he is here again tonight to see Henry, and he never visits any-where in an ordinary way."
"Are you uneasy about me?" Les-

singhem inquired.
"I am not sure," also answered frankly. "Sometimes I am almost terrified and would give anything to hear that you were on your way home. And at other times I realize nothing is likely to happen to you and that the place will seem duller

than ever when you do go."
"That is very kind of you," he "In any case, I fear that my holiday will soon be coming to an

Had Gained No Information.
"It has been little cise," he replied indifferently, "There is nothing to be learnt here of the slightest mill-

"I was perhaps foolish not to be-lieve you," he acknowledged. "So your very exciting journey through the clouds has ended in failure, after all" she went on, a mo-ment or two later.

Pallure? No, I should not call it fallure." "You have really made some dis-

American Women as War Workers

Miss Pauline Goldmark, of New York, who has been appointed manager of the Women's Service Section of the Government Railroad Administration in Washington.



Photos by International. The Daughters of Postmoster-General Burleson, Sidney and Lucy, now Mrs. Edward Grimes. Both in the Naval Reserve.

By FONTAINE FOX.

The state of the s

Chief Yeowoman Catherine J. Webster, who sacrificed a lucrative position to work for Uncle Sam. She has under hed jurisdiction fourteen employes.





Advice to the The Powerful Katrinka Didn't Pay Much Attention to the Man-trap Street Car Doors. Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Is This Father Justified?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am deeply in love with a young lady who, I am sure, returns my feelings. She is soreneeded at home and could not leave her father and two younger brothers, for whom she keeps house. Her father, although she has told.him that she would leave him if we could not both live with the family, has begged her not to marry. He will not consent to living in his home, and uld not manage without her me well and says that I would be the only one whom, if be were so disposed, he would al-low his daughter to marry. low his daughter to marry. Conditions have been like this two years. THOS. A.

This is your sweetheart's problem, rather than your own. should say. And her course would doubtless depend largely on her age. If she is a minor, the father is acting within his rights in reserving the young housekeeper for his own comfortable, exclusive use. But if she is fully grown, I do not see how he can object to her mar-riage with any show of reason, particularly as she does not intend to abandon him.

A Dangerous Temptation. DEAR MISS PAIRFAX:

Recently I became acquainted with a very wealthy old gentle-nian. He is about sixty, and I am only eighteen. This man is continually telling me how much he loves me, much against my protestations. I have gone anywhere with him. considered beautiful, and he is always telling me so.
But he has a wife and two
daughters older than myself.

I know the whole thing is absurd. He has begged me to go to a show with him and for sup-per afterward, and I am thinking very seriously of going to please him, because it seems im-possible to escape him. This is a terrible temptation,

and I am doing averything in my power to withstand it. But it is very hard, because I am living alone and have nothing to gtop me. M. B. You seem to understand ther-

oughly the dangerous situation you are in, so that what you need is not so much advice as firmness to resist this elderly man's invita-This man has no right to sak you to go out alone with him. Tell him and remain dead to anything

The Heart Breaker

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

Mildred Speculates on Arthur's Feelings Toward Her to the Annoyance of Her Sister.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Copyright, 1918 Star Co.) CHAPTER V. N silence the two sisters went softly upstairs. The door of Mrs. Higgins' room was open,

and she called out a sleepy good-night to them. When Honora had switched on the light in the large front room which she and Mildred shared, the younger girl spoke.
"You are very quiet, Honora.
What's the matter."
"Nothing," the older girl tried to
speak naturally.

speak naturally.

"I thought perhaps you had over-heard what Arthur said to me as he told me good night," Mildred went on. "It sounded very mysterious, on. "It sounded very mysterious, didn't it? I don't really know myself what it's all about—but he asked me earlier in the evening to let him know what I would be doing tomerrow night. He wants to call if I am to be at home."
"I see," was the brief comment affeited by this bit of information.

"What are we going to be doing anyway:" Mildred questioned. "Let me think," Honora evaded, as if trying to remember some en-gagement. "Sunday night—isn't White she spoke she was having

a little inward struggle with her suspicions and inclinations. If she said she had no plans and expected to remain at home, the might chare with her sixter the pleasure of Ar-thur Bruce's company. If not, the

thur Bruce's company. If not, the man would have an hour or two alone with Mildred—which was probably what he wanted.

Her better impulses conquered. "I think," she said, "that I will go with Mrs. Hisgins to hear that Engilehman who is preaching at Agatha's church tomorrow night. I know Mrs. Higgins wants to hear him, and she has to go out alone so him, and she has to go out alone so often that I like to go with her

when I can."

"All right." Mildred refolmed.
There certainly was no shadow of disappointment in her clear eyes.
"You certainly are good, my dear, to be so willing to trot around with Mrs. Higgins. She is as good as gold, of course, but things she likes bore me."

"I won't be hored." Honora af-

bore ma."

"I won't be bored," Honora affirmed. "And you won't be bored either tomorrow night if you have Arthur here with you."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

7 ELL, let us see where we left little Puss Junior

in the last story. Oh, now I remember. He was back once more at the castle of my Lord of Carabas where his father, the famous Puss in Boots, was Major Domo.

You remember that the Ark had come up to the window of Puss Junior's room and he had stepped out and into bed, hardly knowing what he was doing, for it was late

at night and I guess he was pret-ty-sleepy. Well, when he woke up the next morning, he was surprised as he could be. And when he jumped out of bed and ran over the window to look out he saw his old father sitting in the gar-So Puss quickly pulled on his red

top boots and ran down to see him. And, sh my! How glid his father was! And then Puss sat down and told him all about his adventures, and after that they oth went inside the castle to see my Lord and Lady Carabas.
Well, as the days went by itttle Puss took walks with his father ough the country and the woods. and one day as they both sat down to reat, they heard a tiny woice Twinkle, twinkle, twinkley,

to go? Over the bills and far away. Down to the ocean white

Where lives a protly tiny white "Who are you?" asked Purs, for he couldn't see anybody, and neith-er could his father; but that wasn' strange, for he was pretty old, know. I'm the swallow who lives in the

royal stables," and then down from a tree flew a little swallow. "Oh, yes, I know you," said Puss Junior's father. "I have seen you many times. But where is the little

mouse house you speak of?"
"Follow me," said the swallow,
and pretty soon they came to a
funny little house at the foot of a hig oak tree. "There's where she lives," chirped the swallow.
So Puss and his father walked up and knocked on the front door, and

pretty soon a little mouse looked out of one of the upper windows, for she was a very timid little creature and never opened her front foor without first looking out of the window.
"Mercy me!" she cried, "Here are

two cats knocking on my front door!" and then she slammed down the window and hid behind the old grandfather clock in the corner of

the room.
"Dickory, dickory dock,
I'm hiding behind the c So please go away, for I'm sorry to

I haven't put on my new frock." "Oh, well, we'll call another time," said little Puss Juntor, and then he and his father went back to the castle, and the swallow flew back to the royal stables and told in old owl who lived nearby what the next story you shall hear

(Copyright, 1918, David Cory.

what happened after that,

"Perhaps not—yet, I don't know, for Arthur is not wildly exciting either. Do you know that since my talk with that Hilton chap today, Arthur seems dreadfully ambition-less and pepless?"

Not Without Ambition.

"He is not ambitionless, and net 'pepless' either." Honora defended him. "He is just the product of his environment. He has always had his own way, and it's been an easy way at that. But now he has reached the piace whem he appreciates that he must work. You will find that he will prove quite equal to what's shead of him."

"You like him better even than The question was asked with such basinte guildlessness that Honors

"I always liked him," she rejoin-"I always liked him," she rejoin-ed, "even when we were kids to-gether. May be I do like him bet-ter now than I used to, because he has developed and become much more interesting."

"Well, to me he seems just about as he always did," Mildred com-

mented with a yawn. "I must cen-feer, however, that he has a way of looking at me that he never used to have and that tickles me. "I have noticed it," her sister com-mented, dryly,
Mildred laughed as if fintered by

"Other chaps besides Arthur have, locked at me like that," she con-tinued. "But until this fall he has always seemed to take me for granted. Now he acts as if he had come to the conclusion that I am actually worth while,"

To this Honora made no reply. She could think of none to make. It was when the lights were out and the two girls were in their re-spective beds that Mildred spoke

"I say, Honora, what do you sup-pose Arthur wants to talk to me about temorrow night? Now that I know you have decided to make an engagement for that evening, I don't mind telling you that he asked me especially if he could see me alone.

I was just wondering—"

I was just wondering—
She stopped, and hor ejster, after
waiting for her to complete the
sentence, demanded brusquely:
"What were you wondering?"
"Oh, stething—in a way. Only &
would be funny—wouldn't it?—if
Arthur should be planning to tell
me that he is falling in love with
me."

Not a Nice Thought.

Not a Nice Thought.

"Don't!" Honora's exclamation was sudden and stern. "I mean," she went on to explain her impetuonity, "that it is not quite nice, my dear—do you think it is?—for a girl to speculate about the possible af-fection of an old friend like ar-thur?"

thur?"
"Perhaps, if I was sure that I cared for him in a serious way, it might not be nice." Mildred rejoined. "But as matters atand. I do not see why I should not discuss his feelings for me."
"Perhaps it's all right." Honora

"Perhaps it's all right," Honora said, more gently. "It surprised me—that's all."
"Well, nothing that any man can

say or do would surprise me, I guess," the younger sister remarked, with a giggle. "My, but I'm sleepy! I'm glad tomorrow's going to be Sunday, so that I can sleep as late as I like. Good-night, Honey!" "Good-night, dear," Honors re-

plied.

She supposed that Mildred's suppicions were correct and that Arthur Bruce was in love with the girl whom he had hitherto regarded as a pirasant little friend. The probability made Rouss as she remembered Mildred's declarations with regard to her own testings, she wondered if the child knew her own heart. If Arthur cared for Mildred as he certainly did-would not she learn to care for him? If not,

learn to care for him? If not, would he get over his affection for Here Honora Brent resolutely Sufficient unto the day was the out

To Be Continued.

The Irish Touch. Pat Maguire had been misbehaving, and was brought before his commanding officer, charged for the third time with drunkenness. Put stated his side of the case with all the eloqueuse at his command but the colonel was unmoved "Eight days in the guard room!" he said sternly. But as he wrote the "S" on the defaulter-sheet the pen spluttered. Pat noticed this and leaned forward. "Thry if 'twill make anny aisier, sorr!" he sug-

According to the Title.

gested in a persuasive whisper.

A well-known artist tells of an amusing colloquy which took place in an art gallery between two young women about a copy of Miller's "Gleanera." One of the young "Gleanera." One of the young women was carried away by her enthusiasm. "How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" she exclaimed. "Above all, how natural!" Then, after a pause, "But what are those people doing?" Drawing near-er to read the title, she was enlightened. "Oh, now I see! ng millet! How wonderful! How beautiful.

Strange.

A professor who was noted for is absent-mindedness returned home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering the sub-ject of his lecture. He had reached his room when he heard a noise was positive some one was under bed!" commented the learned

which seemed to come from under the bed. "Is anyone there?" he asked. "No, professor," answered the intrades who knew the profes-sor's peculiarities. "That's strange.

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL

Zeppelin Fits Sir Henry.

"If you'll just look inside the lining, sir." Sinclair suggested.
Sir Henry turned it up and
whistled softly.

acknowledged. "Is that really the
one with the German name inside,
which Miss Nora brought home?"
"This is the genuine article."

lamp and examined it carefully He drew out the lining and looked all the way round. Suddenly he gave vent to a little exclamation.

familiar about that?"
"I am sure that I have no idea."
Philippa replied, "It conveys noth-

There was a brief but apparently pointless silence. Philippa's needles flashed through her wool with easy regularity. Lessingham appeared to be sharing the mild curiosity which the others showed concern-

"R. M.," he murmured softly to himself. "There was some one I've known or heard of in England— What's that. Mills!"

Sir Henry apparently thought no mor eof the hat or its possible own-er. He threw it upon a neighbor-ing table, and his face expressed a

have cigars and cigarettes in the billiard room, I abould think, You'll find the young people there. Fli come in and have a game of pills

"Are you going to stay and talk nonsense with me, Mr. Lessing-ham?" Philippa asked.
"If I may," he answered, without changing his position.
Philippa looked at him curious-

He shook his head.
"Do you know," he said, as he seated himself by her side, "there are times when I find your hus-

band quite interesting." CHAPTER XIII. Philippa Asks Explanation. Philippa leaned back in her place

He shook himself free from a

cometimes your husband puzzles "Not nearly so much as he puz-Philippa retorted, a lit-"Has he always been so desper-

"More or less, but never quite to this extent. The thing has be If you are really going to mind if we don't discuss my hus-band? Just now the subject in

What do you think of Captain

"I have thought nothing more him. Should It Is he of any real importance?" "He is military commander here."

Your holiday?' she repeated. "Is that what you call it?"

rived," Philippa reminded him

tary significance." old you that when you arery in the world."

coveries, then?" she inquired du-"I have made the greatest discov-

"Dear me! in this quiet spot?" she

her eyes fell,

Her cycbrows were gently raised. he corners of her mouth quivered,

"Is it Helen or me." "Philipps." he protested. Her exobrows were niceo raised

Copyright, 1918, by the Whesler Synthesia,

4

0

than ever. Her mouth had lost its "Really, Mr. Leseinghamt" she exclaimed. "Have I ever given you the right to call me by my Christian

"In my country." he answered, "no no not wait to ask. We take."
"Rent Prussianism," she murmered. "I really think you had better go back there. You are adopting their methods."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Coppeight, 1918, Little, Brown & Co.